This was your husband: look you now what follows,
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother: have you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense
Is apoplext, for madnesse would not erre,
Nor sense to extasie was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference: What divell was't
That thus hath couzen'd you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones
To flaming youth, let vertue be as waxe
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actively doth burne,
And reason pardons will.
Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and grieved spots
As will leave there their tinct.
Ham. Nay but to live
In the ranke sweat of an incestuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the nasty stye.
Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in mine eares,
No more sweet *Hamlet*.
Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,

A slave

A slave that is not twentieth part the kyth
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A Cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelfe the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket. *Enter Ghost*
Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Save me and hover ore me with your wings
You heavenly guards: what would your gracious fig
Ger. Alasse hee's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardie sonne to ch
That lap'st in time, and passion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command? O say
Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits;
O step betweene her and her sighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Ger. Alasse how is't with you,
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall aire do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peepe,
And as the sleeping Souldiers in th'alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts up and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience: whereon doe you looke?
Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres
His forme and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable; doe not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My sterne effects; then what I have to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for blood.
Ger. To whom doe you speake this?
Ham. Doe you see nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?